

## *The MEN of the WEST*

WHILE WE HONOR IN SONG AND IN STORY  
THE NAMES OF THE PATRIOT MEN  
WHOSE VALOR HAS COVERED IN GLORY  
FULL MANY A MOUNTAIN AND GLEN  
FORGET NOT THE BOYS OF THE HEATHER  
WHO MARSHALLED THEIR BRAVEST AND BEST  
WHEN EIRE WAS BROKEN IN WEXFORD  
AND LOOKED FOR REVENGE TO THE WEST!

*I GIVE YOU THE GALLANT OLD WEST, BOYS  
WHERE RALLIED OUR BRAVEST AND BEST  
WHEN IRELAND LAY BROKEN AND BLEEDING  
HURRAH FOR THE MEN OF THE WEST!*

THE HILLTOPS WITH GLORY WERE SHINING  
'T WAS THE EVE OF A BRIGHT HARVEST DAY  
WHEN THE SHIPS WE'D BEEN WEARILY WAITING  
SAILED INTO KILLALA'S BROAD BAY  
AND OVER THE HILLS WENT THE SLOGAN  
TO WAKEN IN EVERY BREAST  
THE FIRE THAT'S NEVER BEEN QUENCHED, BOYS,  
AMONG THE TRUE HEARTS OF THE WEST!

KILLALA WAS OURS ERE THE MIDNIGHT  
AND HIGH OVER BALLINA TOWN  
OUR BANNERS IN TRIUMPH WERE WAVING  
BEFORE THE NEXT SUN HAD GONE DOWN  
WE GATHERED TO SPEED THE GOOD WORK, BOYS,  
THE TRUE MEN ANEAR AND AFAR  
AND HISTORY CAN TELL HOW WE ROUTED  
THE REDCOATS THOUGH OLD CASTLEBAR!

THOUGH ALL THE BRIGHT DREAMINGS WE CHERISHED  
WENT DOWN IN DISASTER AND WOE  
THE SPIRIT OF OLD STILL IS WITH US  
THAT NEVER WOULD BEND TO THE FOE  
AND CONNACHT IS READY WHENEVER  
THE LOUD ROLLING BEAT OF THE DRUM  
RINGS OUT TO AWAKEN THE ECHOES  
AND TELL US THE MORNING HAS COME!